

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

NO. 5.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
5:34 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:30 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the stations and Third Street, and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" South	6:35	2:35

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:35	12:25
" South	6:15	6:25

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilson	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Mrs. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

INGALLS AFLAFT AND UNINJURED.

Army Transport Escapes From Dangerous Reef at High Tide.

Manila.—The United States transport Ingalls with General Miles and party on board, which struck on a reef while entering the harbor of Legaspi, Luzon, on Saturday, floated at high tide the same day. The vessel struck on a coral reef while going at a speed of nine knots. The shock raised the ship two feet along its entire length. Captain Brugire has explained that he was trying to save twenty minutes by running through the charted channel between the reefs in the center of the Gulf of Albay in a straight line for Legaspi, instead of following the usual channel. A Spanish vessel, which was asked to give assistance, asked \$100,000 (Mexican) as salvage, but these terms were declined. Captain Brugire pumped out the vessel's water ballast and she floated without aid. It is believed that the Ingalls is undamaged.

The cholera is spreading among the Moro towns on the west coast of Mindanao and there is much destitution among the people. Quarantine increases the suffering by stopping work and the movement of supplies. General Davis has telegraphed to General Sumner directing the distribution of food supplies to the sufferers. The disease is disappearing from the city.

Idaho Lands Withdrawn.

Lewiston, Idaho.—Notification has been received by the Lewiston Land Office from Commissioner Hermann of the General Land Office of the temporary withdrawal of 2,300,000 acres in Idaho and Boise counties lying south of the present Bitter Root forest reserve, pending an investigation as to the advisability of adding the territory to the reserve. With this addition the Bitter Root reserve will comprise 5,300,000 acres, or an area as large as the State of Massachusetts. The lands now temporarily withdrawn lie along the Salmon river watershed and include Thunder mountain, Marshall Lake, Warren's and other mining districts.

COAST NEWS GIVEN IN SHORT ITEMS

Occurrences of Interest from All Quarters of the Pacific Coast.

GAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Current Events Related in News Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

William Shoemaker, one of the early settlers of Modesto county, dropped dead while his wife was reading him the newspaper. He was highly respected and a man of means. He was a native of Indiana, aged 70 years, and came to California in 1852.

Francisco Leon, a rancher living seven miles northeast of San Fernando, north of Los Angeles, died from the effects of a tarantula bite. This is the first known case in that section of death resulting from the venom of that insect. Leon was bitten Saturday last and suffered great agony until the end came.

A special to the Portland Oregonian from Lakeview, Or., says: J. E. McGarrey, one of the proprietors of the Lake County Examiner, died from the effects of an overdose of morphine administered by Fred Magillon. The drug was given hypodermically to induce sleep. McGarrey was well known in San Francisco, where he engaged in newspaper work previous to 1889, when he went to Lakeview.

Dr. P. Howe, a retired physician, was found dead in bed at the home of Lorenzo D. Gowan, in Santa Ana. From the condition of the body the doctor had evidently expired during the night. He lived alone in a part of the house, and it was not noticed that he had not been around as usual. Dr. Howe had a son, Dr. A. J. Howe, in San Francisco, and another son, a physician, in St. Louis.

Colonel J. P. Jones, Customs Inspector at Campo, brought to San Diego and placed in jail a Chinese, Charley Sam, who is regarded as a ringleader in a gang which is engaged in systematically smuggling Chinese into this country from Lower California.

Word was received a few days ago that Charley Sam had left Ensenada with a gang of contrabands, and the Inspector watched for him and caught him at Tecate. He found on the prisoner two long knives and a revolver.

The Tucson, A. T., Star has received advices from high Government officials at Hermosillo, Sonora, to the effect that recent reports of Yaqui outrages in the State of Sonora are absolutely false, and that reports sent out during the last month of murders of mining men and travelers in the state of Sonora emanated from irresponsible parties. It is stated that Captain Sullivan, the American mining engineer who was murdered last week, was not killed by Yaquis, but by Mexican bandits who were aware that he was coming with a large amount of money.

Fire broke out in the plant of the Hercules Oil Refining Company, situated about four miles from the center of Los Angeles, on the extreme boundary. An explosion in one of the asphaltum tanks caused by the drippings of rain on the hot liquid is supposed to have caused the fire.

The wind happened to be in the west and the flames were thus prevented from running to the main portion of the distilling plant, where great damage would have been done. The loss will be about \$25,000, with little insurance because of the refusal of insurance companies to take risks on property of this nature.

After a delay of eight years the Government is preparing to take action to recover on the official bond of Myron H. Savage, first superintendent of the Indian training school at Perris, who defaulted in 1894, and has been entirely lost sight of ever since. The Government, through Deputy District Attorney McKeeby, will take depositions at Riverside in the suit instituted by the United States Attorney for the district of Oregon to recover \$8923.27 from John H. Winthorn and Benjamin S. Cook, sureties on Savage's bond. This sum is said to represent the peculations of Savage from 1891 to 1894. Six criminal indictments are hanging over

him, but he is supposed to be in a foreign land.

Advices have been received at Victoria, B. C., that the British naval demonstration against China as a result of the refusal of the Chinese Government to punish the officials in Hunan who refused to provide protection for Revs. Bruce and Lewis, the missionaries murdered at Chen Chou, has resulted in an edict being made by the Empress Dowager on November 2d for the decapitation of the officials and the imprisonment of the minor officials. The Chinese Government refused to punish these officials as requested by the British Minister, and the Governor of Hunan, in an official communication regarding the murders, used the term "barbarians" to designate the dead missionaries. This incensed the British Minister and he again called on China to punish the officials. The Imperial Government persisted in its refusal and at the request of the Minister the British made a naval demonstration, in which the first-class cruiser Amethyst and the sloops Algernon and Aspasia took part, and the battleships Ocean and Albion and the cruisers Talbot and Blenheim also started from Hongkong bound north. This brought the Chinese Government to time and the officials were ordered to be executed.

Copper deposits of exceeding richness have been treated in the Almaden region, which is apparently destined to become as famous for its copper output as it has heretofore been for the supply of quicksilver, which has constituted Santa Clara county's sole mining resource. Experts unhesitatingly declare that the mine is far more valuable than any previously found in California, and that the quality of the ore surpasses that of the mines in Michigan along the shores of Lake Superior. The mine is located less than 500 yards from the Almaden quicksilver mine, just across the canyon, and a trifle southeast. It is native mat copper and red oxide, the richest variety known. Specimens taken at random have assayed as high as 95 per cent pure copper. Since its real value has become apparent the property has been priceless. Over thirty years ago a copper discovery was made at Almaden. In 1857 copper ore was drawn to San Francisco by mule team and shipped to England. It proved rich, and the vein soon pinched out. The present streak is forty feet deep and yields 200 pounds of copper to a ton of ore.

FRICK DETERMINED TO OUTDO CARNEGIE

To Give Pittsburg a University That Will Make Technical School Look Cheap.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Henry Clay Frick, the coke magnate, will give to the city of Pittsburg a great university that will make the much-talked-of polytechnical school of Andrew Carnegie look like 30 cents. These were the exact words of a statement issued by a close friend of Frick, who is thoroughly conversant with all his affairs.

Since Frick left the Carnegie Steel Company, after what he claimed was a rough deal from Carnegie, the two have been bitter enemies. Frick has done everything in his power to make the efforts of Carnegie look cheap. Some years ago Carnegie erected what then was the finest office building in Pittsburgh. After the quarrel Frick bought the property all around it. He has just finished the Frick building, an immense structure which towers above the Carnegie building, which it adjoins, and makes it look like a pigmy.

According to the authority that gave out this statement, Frick will not only pay for the erection of the buildings, but will donate the ground upon which the university is erected, and their set aside \$2,500,000 as an endowment fund, or as much in addition as may be necessary.

According to the statement which leaked out, no matter what amount of money Carnegie spends on his buildings for the polytechnic school, Frick will double discount them. Frick has several noted architects traveling in Europe studying the most elaborate styles of architecture.

New York Editor Killed.
New York.—Nelson Hersh, editor of the Sunday edition of the New York World, was instantly killed near his home at West Brighton, Staten Island, by being thrown from a buggy. He fell on his head, breaking his neck and fracturing his skull. Mr. Hersh was driving home before daylight and his vehicle ran into a ditch which he could not see.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS

Short Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers

Nearly 3,000,000 gallons of petroleum stored in reservoirs on the outskirts of the city of Odessa, Russia, were destroyed by fire last week.

Miss Florence McFarlan, aged 21 years, a music teacher, was stabbed to death in her father's house at Rochester, N. Y., by another woman, and an hour later Mrs. Lula Young, wife of Frank Young, at one time a purchasing agent, was arrested as being the supposed murderer. Young was the cause for the deed. Mrs. Young claims Miss McFarlan came between her and her husband.

The demand for early celery in California this year is exceeding the supply. Although the growers in the peatland near Santa Ana anticipated an unusual demand this year, and planted accordingly, yet there is considerable shortage. So far, Los Angeles and San Francisco have taken the bulk of the local shipments. In about three weeks the later varieties will come in, when large shipments will be made to Eastern markets. Orange county will ship about 2000 carloads of celery to the Eastern markets during the winter season.

Colonel Tonnochy, commanding the southern column of the British expedition engaged in putting down the uprising of the Waziri tribesmen on the Afghan frontier, found a strong tower at Gunatty held by six outlaws who refused to surrender. The shells from the British guns made little impression on the fort until evening, when the tower was stormed and all its defenders were killed. The British losses were comparatively heavy. Besides Colonel Tonnochy, who was wounded and subsequently died, Captain White of the Third Sikhs was killed while leading the storming party and Captains Davis and Houston and Lieutenant Airy and eight of the native troops were wounded. The tower was razed.

J. Pierpont Morgan of New York has given 1 cent to the Women's League of the Congregational Church of Flint, Michigan. The League held an "experience social" at which the several members told how they had earned \$1 to be used in the work of the society. One member had earned 99 cents by her own efforts and stopped there. In her dire extremity she wrote to Morgan for the other cent to make up her contribution and received from the great financier a courteous note inclosing the cent and containing the assurance that if the Women's League of Flint ever needed to be helped out of a tight place again he might be counted on to come to the rescue.

A special to the New York Herald from North Sydney, N. S., says: From Cornwall to Nova Scotia the Carlo Alberto, an Italian cruiser, made the transatlantic voyage without once breaking communication with shore. Wireless signals were exchanged from midocean with both the new and old worlds. Finally signals were exchanged between the Marconi stations at Poldhu, Cornwall and Tablehead, N. S. Marconi confirms all this. Aboard the Carlo Alberto there is great rejoicing. The ship is gayly decorated with bunting. Messages of congratulation have been received by Signor Marconi from all over the world, and he has sent to the King of Italy a message announcing all that has been accomplished and complimenting his majesty upon the part Italy has played in the undertaking.

An investigation into the whole subject of fruit shipments to England shows that the trade is on a broader basis this year than it has ever been before. The largest handlers of California fruits in London say that the season for imported fruits, which is now practically over save for a few late shipments of Paris apples, has on the whole been decidedly successful. The American growers have been experimenting this year with all sorts of fruits and with the various methods of packing and refrigerating.

American grapes and green figs, however, cannot compete against the products of the south of France under ordinary conditions, and the British public can never be educated to a taste for watermelons, and, moreover, while Spanish canteloupes are exceedingly cheap, the cost of freight will shut out Americans from this department. We have not felt any effect from the Cuban and Porto Rican competition in the tropical market, and we do not expect to get better bananas than are now received from Jamaica, says a London dealer.

Lake Steamer Sunk.

Detroit, Mich.—The steamer Chile of Buffalo was sunk in the Detroit river off Amherst in a collision with the steamer Oswego of Buffalo and the H. B. Tuttle. The Oswego and Tuttle were almost abreast when the Tuttle veered against the Oswego and caused her to crash into the Chile. No one was injured. The Chile is 320 feet long. She has a big hole in her starboard side at the third gangway, where the Oswego plowed into her. The Oswego is only slightly damaged. Imagined He Was Emperor's Son.

London.—A special dispatch from Vienna announced that a well-dressed individual, evidently insane, attacked a sentry on duty at the entrance of the Hofburg and said that he was the Emperor's son, Rudolph, and that he wished to see his father. The stranger, who is said to be a merchant of Hamburg, was taken to the guardroom and searched. A revolver was found in his pocket, and also a white staff, which he called his "magic wand." He was committed to an asylum.

Last of Famous Tribe Dead.

San Bernardino.—Marie Catalina, last of the famous Serrano Indian basket weavers, is dead, and the remains have just been interred in the little Indian burying grounds in the San Miguel Reservation, near Highland. Marie was 107 years old at the time of her death, having been born only twenty-one years after the first settlement of the valley by the Franciscans, or what was then known as Politani. The tribe has dwindled away from what was the most powerful on the Coast side of the San Bernardino mountains to a mere handful of Government pensioners, numbering only fifty-four souls. The Serranos were at one time famous for their basket weaving. Marie was an adept of the old school and her work was eagerly sought after.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Voluntary Increases of Wages by Some of the Largest Rail- way Systems.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Voluntary increases of wages by some of the largest railway systems in the country bear eloquent testimony to the amount of business handled in the past and emphasize the confidence of the officials in continued heavy traffic. Moreover, by this addition of large sums to the purchasing power of railway employees there is assurance of a larger demand for all staple lines of merchandise. Temporarily, sales of seasonal lines of wearing apparel are retarded by mild weather, but this loss will be fully made up when low temperature becomes general. Preparations for holiday trade are on an unprecedented scale, especially at interior points. There is no relief as to the congestion of railway traffic nor any immediate prospect of free movements at the points of most serious blockade.

Heavy lines of dry goods and foot-wear need the stimulus of cold weather. Orders for spring shoes are coming forward freely and there is supplementary

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

One of the lost arts—the art of letting other people alone.

If the leggy Belgian hare is to supplant the steer as food, now is his time to butt in.

"And otherwise" covers a multitude of sins in the United States Treasury Department.

The latest addition to the phraseology of ultra swindlers is "horseless carriage people."

There have been excellent dog trainers who couldn't teach their children anything worth while.

The skin of a sea otter is worth \$1,000. With the exception of some political hide it is the most valuable ever.

A chumit has been discovered in the Colorado mountains who has forgotten his own name. Are any of our ex-vice presidents missing?

This revolution down in Colombia is getting serious. One of the insurgent chiefs fell off his horse and broke his leg day before yesterday.

It is sometimes possible to go back and say the word that was not said; but it is never possible to return and unsay what ought not to have been said.

It has been found that there is only one bathhouse connected with England's greatest university. That must be the starting point of the great unwashed.

Why not have international war games? Would it not be a triumph of civilization to settle every casus belli by a contest with soft gloves for points?

Now that the salt trust is in the hands of receivers there should be no lack of saline material to place on the tails of the other "octopuses" whose capture and subjugation is desired.

It may be all right to keep bogus money off the stage, but it is suggested that if the government wants to do the public a real service let it keep the bogus actors off the stage.

An English critic complains of the "levity with which matters of the gravest importance are treated by the American papers." Some American paper has evidently had a paragraph or two about him.

Those girls who have resolved not to marry anyone who does not belong to the union will probably accept an amendment in favor of good-looking young men who are trying to form a union.

A London critic says Richard Harding Davis is almost forgotten in England. Well, Richard has the satisfaction of knowing that it isn't every American author who can ever hope to have even that much said of him by a London critic.

When a delegation of Quakers visited William IV, their hats were taken off by one another in the ante-chamber to the throne room. At the recent general conference of the Society of Friends in New Jersey it was announced that it was no longer necessary for Quakers to wear their hats in meeting, and each man was requested to remove his own. In any condition of life, inflexible principles gain rather than lose by being clothed in flexible manners.

Almost no traveler from a foreign land comes here who does not express astonishment at our luxury. It is, at least, in certain sections of the country, the most obvious feature of our civilization. Gorgeous apparel, homes that are palaces, feasts that are frequently marked by such splendor as almost to stagger the imagination, superb equipages and a riotousness in entertainments and amusements that we have to go back centuries to find precedents for—with all these things we are painfully familiar. They have become so much a matter of course as no longer to excite much comment.

Humor is hardly the quality one expects to find on the editorial page of the London Times, yet it gives a most effective turn to a plea for the restriction of the advertising bill-board nuisance. "Let us think," says the Times, "of the opening of Gray's 'Elegy.'"

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day; The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me—

and consider whether such lines could ever have been written if the poet, musing in Stoke Pogis churchyard, had looked in one direction and seen the lowing herd winding past somebody's advertisement of a patent oil cake; in another, and seen the weary plowman considering whether he should buy some gaudily flaunted nostrum warranted to ease his weariness; in a third, and spied some garish board offering him an oil to illuminate the glimmering landscape as it faded on his sight."

Modern business is conducted on a large scale. The organization of companies capitalized high in the millions has been reported so often that it no longer occasions surprise or attracts much attention. The minds of men have stretched in pace with the growth

of industrial and financial enterprises. Nothing shows this more plainly than the equanimity with which the reports of present-day religious undertakings are received. The beginning of the twentieth century was marked by many of the churches as a jubilee year, and the occasion was seized as a fit one to raise special jubilee funds. Concerning the progress of this work, the Chicago Tribune has gathered some remarkable statistics. The aggregate of the funds which the church determined to raise was \$50,000,000. Of this sum \$40,000,000 have already been collected. The Methodist Church, North, has raised \$17,000,000 and the Canadian Methodists \$1,250,000. The several Methodist communions of England have contributed more than five and a half million dollars. The Presbyterians of Canada have raised nearly a million and a half; the English Congregationalists more than three millions; the English Baptists a million and a quarter, and there are still other denominations to be heard from. The purposes to which these great sums will be devoted are as various as the needs and aims of the different denominations which have gathered them, but they are all good. Such facts ought not to be forgotten. Men may pool their millions for the sake of increased profits in trade or manufacture, but they are also pooling their millions in the unselfish causes of religion and philanthropy. That, at least, is a "trust" which will not require government regulation.

That cleanliness is next to godliness was an ancient asseveration, but sanitary science is a modern invention. Some of the saints subjected themselves to voluntary self-degradation as a punishment of the senses when inclined to rebellion or luxury. One pillar member of the calendar proclaimed himself a victim of foulness in order to make more execrable the sins of the rich who had daily baths in water or wine, and whose pillows were strewn with roses removed as soon as their delicate scent began to fade. In some oriental lands the regularity of the dry season and the need of water for irrigation naturally led to neglect of the bath. In others pollution of the streams rendered the only available bathing septic. But culture is supposed to have no compromise with personal neglect. This has been supposed exceptionally true of colleges making a specialty of athletics. It is the more astonishing that investigation at Oxford by a curious American reveals an almost total lack of modern bathing facilities. An American mother recently complained of the squalid, chill, dingy and unkempt room in which her son lived under the eaves of what Ruskin calls the most beautiful street in the world, High street, Oxford, with its precious Gothic, its countless memorials of poet, sage, saint and statesman, its glory of erudition and halo of philosophy undimmed by time. At first there was a spontaneous and indignant refutation of the American mother's protest; her son, it was said, could get better by paying more. But disinterested investigation has failed to find a single bathroom properly equipped in all that unsurpassed assemblage of stones and renown, animate and inanimate. Once there were public baths, but they had to be closed for lack of support. Now the entire gowned town depends upon the bucket borne by the fags and other servants. The only hot water procurable is that boiled in a kettle in the students' own rooms. Winning aspirants for the Oxford Rhodes scholarships ought to combine before quitting the United States and arrange for importation of a few American plumbers with their kits and a cargo of porcelain and nickel or silver. This contribution to the health and self-respect of Oxford will more than repay any obligation accruing under the bequest of the South African pillarar, and it will have the additional merit of disposing of a large share of the Rhodes bequest, whose dimensions perplex the executors for—with all these things we are painfully familiar. They have become so much a matter of course as no longer to excite much comment.

THE YOUNGER SCHWAB.

Like His Brother Charles, Joseph Is One of the Captains of Industry.

When the public reads the name Schwab it thinks of the head of the great steel trust, the protege of Carnegie and the owner of the \$3,000,000 palace now building on Riverside drive, New York. But there is another Schwab, not so prominent as the steel king, but like him a captain of industry and a conspicuous figure in the colony of Americans in millions. It is Joseph E.

JOSEPH E. SCHWAB, Schwab, the younger brother, and president of the American Steel Foundries. He is one of the youngest of the coterie of steel magnates, being less than 39 years of age. With his brothers he was educated by the friars of St. Francis College, at Loretto, Pa., his specialty being civil engineering. As a young man he entered the Carnegie works, at 23 was superintendent in the works at Homestead and, proving his adaptability and ability, became a protege of Carnegie. In 1896 he became general superintendent of the Duquesne steel works and blast furnaces and was made a director in the Carnegie Steel Company. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized in 1901, he went to New York as assistant to his brother, and in August of the present year, when the principal steel founders of the United States were merged, he was made president of the American Steel Foundries, the plants in combination numbering eight.

The first cotton factory in America was a New England institution. In 1790, Samuel Slater erected such a building at Pawtucket, R. I. For many years progress was very slow, and the consumption of cotton had reached but 10,000 bales twenty years afterward, in 1810. The War of 1812 stimulated the home production of cotton goods by cutting off foreign manufacturers, and in 1815 90,000 bales of cotton were converted into cloth.

COTTON STILL KING.

HAS THOUSANDS OF SUBJECTS IN THE SOUTH.

Industry's Great Growth—Value of Its Various Side Products—New England the Center of Nation's Cotton Business—Some Figures.

Cotton is still king in the South. The beginning of last season was full of portent of disaster, and this condition continued almost to the end. Every evil condition known to the trade either threatened or overtook the crop. But, in spite of all the drawbacks which came to the cotton season of 1901-1902, the crop was very nearly 11,000,000 bales. The price received for middling was nearly a cent a pound under that of a year before, but far higher than the average for the past five years. A good many millions of dollars of revenue came in the trade in cotton seed.

The output of the season of 1900-1901—or, rather, the consumption, both foreign and domestic, of American cotton—was 10,486,507 bales of about 500 pounds each. This was about 400,000 bales more than the previous season, and 700,000 less than the season of 1898-1899. The world's consumption of cotton from all sources, including the East Indies and Egypt, was 13,593,000 bales during the season of 1900-1901. It will thus be seen that the United States supplies about seven-eighths of all the cotton used in the world. Comparative factory figures will show where the most of it is used. In Great Britain, there are more than 46,000,000 spindles in operation; on the European continent more than 33,500,000; in the United States more than 21,000,000, and in the East Indies more than 5,000,000.

The early history of the cultivation



BUSY FREIGHTING OF COTTON AT MOBILE.

Under the stimulus of favorable legislation, progress was rapid from this time on, but of course has been greatest during the last half century. In 1840 the total value of our cotton manufactures, according to census figures, was \$46,350,453. This has increased by leaps and bounds, in 1890 reaching the enormous sum of \$267,981,724. In the latter year the amount of capital in the cotton manufacturing business was \$354,020,843. Other figures of that year show that 1,200,000,000 pounds of cotton were consumed in making 3,000,000,000 square yards of cloth. In 1900 the consumption of cotton in the manufacturers of the United States was about 1,860,000,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 700,000,000 pounds over 1890, with a corresponding increase in number of yards and aggregate value.

It is perhaps natural, as cotton manufacture was begun in New England,

cities colled on a branch of a tree about ten feet above the water. I told the Indians to paddle under it so that I might kill it with a pole. They said I had better leave it alone, as it might attack us; but I persisted, and they let me have my way.

I passed forward to the bow, and with my pole struck at the snake, which uncoiled itself, raised its head, and waved it from side to side, darting out its tongue.

The canoe had drifted directly underneath when I struck the next blow, and the snake dropped instantly into the bow of the boat. I threw away my pole and hastily dodged past the men, got to the stern. The man in the bow struck at the reptile, but missed and fell overboard. The snake raised its head and came cautiously at the next man, who without delay jumped overboard. So did all the rest, and as I saw the serpent meant business, I followed them.

When I came to the surface I heard roars of laughter from the men swimming about. To have possession of the canoe did not satisfy his snakeship, for he followed up into the water, upon which we all dived. On coming up again I heard a yell from one of the men, who on rising to the surface had lifted the snake on his shoulder. He dived quickly. The reptile swam toward the shore and we got into our canoe again. My snake-killing desires were somewhat dampened.

DRUMMING UP TRADE.

What Brisk Competition Did in a Small Vermont Town.

Competition has its uses, no doubt, but when reaches the point where it prompts one to resort to trickery it ceases to be a benefit. A man who spends his summers in northern Vermont was a witness during his last vacation to a rivalry which was as absurd as it was unnecessary.

There are two taverns in the little town where I stay, he says, and they got along in peace and amity until a local newspaper was started, and began to publish lists of the guests at the two houses.

One of the landlords found that his list fell a little short of the other, and began to send the names of those who stayed at his hotel even for a single meal.

The other, who was off the main road, and had fewer transients but more regular boarders, was unhappy for several weeks; but after a while his list began to swell in the most surprising way. I saw it in the little paper, but I could not account for the increase.

At last I discovered that he had put a large drinking trough in front of his hotel, with a side faucet and drinking cups; and hanging by a chain was a lit book with a pencil attached.

Travelers generally stop at the trough, and it is seldom that some one of a party does not express curiosity about the book. When it is opened the names of other travelers are discovered, and the chances are that the pencil is used again. And in the next issue of the local paper appears a long list of names under the heading, "Those who have stopped at the Spofford Inn during the last week are—," and nobody can dispute it.

His "Bumps."

"That man is a phrenologist, Pat." "A what?" asked Pat, puzzled.

"A phrenologist."

"An' sure, what's that, so?"

"Why, a man that can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are."

"Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman my wife is."—London Answer.

In chasing the ideal one often succeeds in catching up with the material.

SUBMISSION OR DEATH.

Savage Seri Indians of Tiburon Island May Soon Be Wiped Out.

Among the most savage tribes on the American continent to-day are the Seri Indians, who inhabit Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California. The island contains nearly 300,000 acres of land, supposedly rich in minerals and nominally belonging to Mexico. As a matter of fact the Seris are as free from Mexican power and authority as the Eskimos, and resent any intrusion on their domain. Since their first contact with the whites the Seris have shown no disposition to accept civilizing ways and remain to-day cruel and cannibalistic.

Among them the brightest virtue is the shedding of alien blood. They practice polygamy. No special formalities attend the taking of supernumerary wives, who are usually the widowed sisters of the first wife, constant warfare in the tribe resulting in the rapid killing off of the men.

An expedition for the conquest of the island is being organized by a former American cowboy, Charles Meadows, and it may be that the end of the Seri Indians is near. Meadows holds a provisional grant of the island from the Mexican government, and the end of the islanders will be subjugation or extermination.

TWINS 86 YEARS OLD.

Jonas and Joel Hungerford, Active New England Farmers.

Watertown, Conn., prides itself upon having as residents the two oldest twins of all New England. They are Jonas and Joel Hungerford, 86 years old, and still Hale and hearty. They are tillers of the soil and still occupy themselves with the daily tasks of the farm.

The Hungerford twins are of the same height and have the same slight stoop of the shoulders. They are both married and live about a mile and a half apart. Although they have always lived in Watertown, and the postmaster is a life-long resident of the town also, when

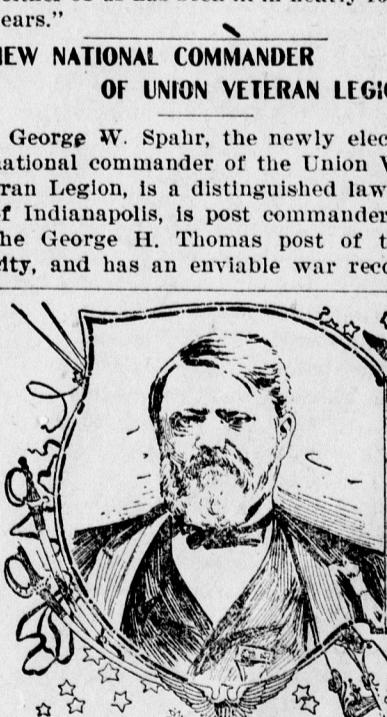


HUNGERFORD BROTHERS.

one of the twins goes to the postoffice for his mail the old postmaster invariably hesitates and asks, "Jonas or Joel?" The postmaster's perplexity is fully shared by all the other residents of the town.

Twenty years ago Jonas and Joel, with their families, made a trip to New York, going from Bridgeport by steamer. In the evening before boarding the boat they separated, agreeing to meet aboard. Joel reached the steamer first, Jonas having lost his way. Joel waited until a few minutes before leaving time, and then went aboard to look after his baggage. As he walked through the saloon deck he came upon a big mirror, and, advancing toward it with outstretched hands, exclaimed, "Jonas, how in the world did you get on the boat?" Joel is still fond of relating this little incident, even though the laugh was on him.

"We are the oldest twins in Connecticut," says Jonas, "and we hope to claim that title for a long time to come, for neither of us has been ill in nearly forty years."



GENERAL GEORGE W. SPAHR.

In 1861, at the age of 20, he enlisted in the famous Third Indiana Cavalry, which immortalized itself in many battles, notably those of "Wilson's raid." He was present on most of the historic fields of the Shenandoah and in the Virginias, until mustered out. Since the war he has been an enthusiast in army matters.

Where Shots Strike.

Of every one hundred and ten shots which strike some soldier, forty-three will lodge in the legs, thirty-three will lodge in the arms, twenty-two will strike between neck and waist, one in the neck, and eleven shots some part of the soldier's head.

There are so many more things in the world to be laughed at when a girl is with a young man than when she is with her father and mother.



SCENE AT NATCHEZ, SHOWING COTTON WHARF ON MISSISSIPPI.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

Thanksgiving was generally observed and enjoyed this year by all classes and kinds of people. The past year has witnessed an immense growth of business, and trade throughout the country. Money has found thousands of new and profitable channels for investments, work has been plentiful, wages advanced and the price of products of farm and factory remunerative.

Our own town has shared in the general good. Many new houses have been built and new homes set up. A new church building has been erected. Our schoolhouse debt has been paid off. The business at the water front has grown by leaps and bounds. The Southern Pacific has built a large oil fuel tank east of town. A blast furnace has been nearly completed for testing a new process of ore reduction which, if successful, will add another large industry to our resources, and last a new plant has been located here in the way of steel works, which will be in operation within six months.

In 1896 the Populist party started in to do business in National politics and began by forming a political partnership with the old-time rock-ribbed Democracy. The Populist leaders flattered themselves and tickled their followers with boast that Populism would quickly do away with Democracy by swallowing it. It was a very pretty boast, and the cry was taken up by another and smaller gang of political Ishmaelites known as Silver Republicans. In 1900 the fusion delusion was kept alive and a few scattering members of Congress and an occasional United States Senator went to Washington wearing the appellation of Populist or Silver Republican.

This year the phenomenon known as Populist and Silver Republican has completely disappeared. There is at present no member of Congress nor United States Senator who is willing to be known as a Populist or a Silver Republican. There has been some swallowing done by the National Democratic party.

The Union Labor leaders in this State have started out with the same program, attempted by the Populist party, and it will have the same ending. The result will be that the leaders will in the end land squarely in the Democratic camp, whilst the greater body of the working men will return to the Republican ranks.

BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM FOR DOUBLE TRACK

The block signal men of the Southern Pacific have already been over the ground and have laid out the places where these signals will be located. When this will be established it will be the first system installed upon a double track road in the State. The signal system is already completed and in use on the double track outside of San Francisco, and the workmen will be employed on the rest of the road as soon as it is finished.

The block signal system consists of a pole with a projecting arm. This is set at intervals along the line and places where the engineer and trainmen cannot see around curves or other obstructions. For trains running east the signal will be on the right and for trains running west the block will be located on the left.

The semaphore signal, as the whole block system is composed of, consists of a long pole having an arm which is controlled by the operator or person in charge. When the arm is extended horizontally, or a combination green and red light is displayed by night, it shows that the train approaching must not pass the light until it is lowered to an inclined position.

This is only done when a train is in that block, and until it is lowered by the controlling apparatus of the man in the station ahead the train cannot pass.

The block system is in use on all the large railroads of the East and by its use many accidents are prevented.—Leader, San Mateo.

A NEW TOWN AT BURLINGAME.

Within the past few weeks certain matters have transpired which add strength to the belief expressed in these columns some time ago, that among the improvements to be noted in this section in the near future is a

new town in the vicinity of the Burlingame station. In fact, a gentleman who claims to know whereof he speaks says such is the intention.

A large portion of the Corbett tract has lately passed into the possession of a syndicate, at the head of which is Henry T. Scott of the Union Iron works, and it is said before long a townsite will be laid out and a row of brick buildings for business purposes will be constructed. Lots will be offered for sale to those who wish to build homes at reasonable prices, and especial inducements will be offered the mechanics of the great manufacturing establishments of the metropolis to locate their homes there.—Leader, San Mateo.

The Profitable Sausage.

For the amount of meat used the sausage is the most profitable legacy of the hog. Fully fifty different kinds of this suspected article are manufactured to suit the taste of many peoples—for Italians, with a dominating measure of garlic; for Germans, hard and fatty; for Frenchmen, dry and well larded; for Americans, well spiced, and all of these in several grades. Whatever meat cannot be used otherwise is consigned to the sausage, although for no other reason than that every diminutive piece is a morsel—ham, head and foot trimmings and the odd remnants from the butcher's block. Potato, flour, spices and water are mixed with the meat, which has been finely chopped by rocking knives, and a steam driven piston forces the mass into the casings, whereupon it becomes sausage. The casings are the intestines of the hog, thoroughly scraped and washed by mechanical process. The pig's snout does not escape—that would be a gross oversight—so it is trimmed off and sold as a pickling "delicacy" to new Americans with unpronounceable names.—Leader, San Mateo.

Very Awkward.

A young recruit was set on sentry go and was, of course, new to his duty. A good natured comrade brought him a sandwich, and the recruit was about to eat it when the major appeared. As the officer was in mutli the sentry did not recognize him and did not salute. The major took in the situation and asked:

"What's that?"
"A sandwich," replied the recruit.
"Have a bit?"
"Do you know who I am?" asked the major.
"Don't know you from a crow. Perhaps you're the major's coachy."
"No; I'm not."
"His groom perhaps?"
"No; try again."
"Perhaps the old chap himself?"
"Right this time," said the major.
"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the frightened sentry. "Hold the sandwich while I present arms!"—Leader, San Mateo.

Applying the Argument.

There are times when one pursues an admirable course of reasoning with a child only to find that it results in his own undoing.

"I don't want to wear my old hat to church," said eight-year-old Gladys, "not even if it does rain. The trimming on that hat is all worn out, mother."

"It's the best thing for you to wear on a day like this," said her mother firmly, "and you must remember that it's the inside and not the outside—that is unseen, not what is seen—that God looks at, my little girl."

"Yes'm," said Gladys eagerly, "I do remember but the lining of that hat is worn even worse than the trimming is!"—Youth's Companion.

Origin of "Watered Stock."

The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of the property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew, who was once the wealthiest and most unique manipulator in Wall street. Drew had been a drover in his younger days, and it was said of him that before selling his cattle in the market he would first give them large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and then provide them with all the water they could drink. In this way their weight was greatly increased, and the purchaser was buying "watered stock."—Leslie's Weekly.

Old Pote.

In "The Arabian Nights" we read of a wise sage who cured a great king by a decoction with which he anointed the handle of a stick with which the king was in the habit of playing a game at ball, to the end that when the royal hand perspired in the vigor of the play the open pores might receive the medicine.

The translator speaks of this stick as a "golf stick" (sic), but it is plain from the context that the game was played on horseback. It was, in fact, polo. Indeed the illustrations of the very same edition show the said king playing the game on horseback.

The keeping of canaries seems to be a fairly expensive luxury. To start with, a really good bird will cost \$50. You can easily spend more, but \$50 will buy a fairly good Norwich bird. The food the bird requires consists of various delicacies in the form of rye, bread, rice, meal and vegetables. Canaries are liable to all sorts of ailments, and this, of course, necessitates further expense, for the treatment of these complaints is anything but cheap. Of course, no fancier of canaries would be content with one bird; he must have at least a dozen, and the cost of some of these will certainly run to \$75. Fifteen hundred dollars per annum could easily be spent in this manner without a very big show for the money.—Leader, San Mateo.

A desire for economy sometimes will

DOINGS OF WOMEN

"NEW" WOMAN ON THE FARM.

HERE is considerable significance in the fact that this year over fifty girls have taken up the study of scientific farming at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture and have thus announced their intention to adhere to country life. The college, it seems, has been in existence for the past decade, but girls have only recently been admitted. The character of the instruction available to the girl students is suggestive. The course presented emphasizes the sciences of botany, chemistry, physics and geology requiring during the freshmen and sophomore years at least two terms' work in each of them. Boys and girls work together, it seems, throughout about two-thirds of the entire course, which includes study in language, mathematics, science, civics, and considerable technical work. In the case of the girls cooking, laundry and sewing are substituted for carpentry, blacksmithing and veterinary science. The girls, too, give more attention to household art, home economy and domestic hygiene than to the business aspect of farming.

It is happily the chief purpose of the college to awaken in its entire student body a keen interest in farming, farm life, the farm house and farm society. Both boys and girls are taught to plan farm buildings and how to lay out the grounds artistically. Considerable attention is given to the furnishing of houses, to literature, music and social culture, with the general thought "of making the farm home the most attractive spot on earth." The result of the new movement is being watched with keen interest by agriculturists and educators. It is evident that should it prove successful the innovation will spread to other agricultural States. Its influence, one readily apprehends, is apt to be social as well as agricultural in character. Heretofore one great drawback to farming has been the difficulty of keeping the farmers' sons on the farm. With trained and educated girls enthusiastically taking up the profession of farming, it is pointed out that life in the country would take on a new charm and that the exodus of young men to cities would be materially lessened. It is difficult to forecast the outcome. But it is pleasant to think that we may be coming close to the long-sought solution of the problem of cities.—Boston Transcript.

Woman Holds Office in Alabama.
For the first time in its history a woman holds a State office in Alabama. She is Miss J. Nicholene Bishop, and she was recently appointed a member of the State Examining Board of School Teachers.

Her selection for the position caused considerable surprise and considerable gratification, too, and now that the ice has been broken it is expected

that women officeholders in Alabama will soon become numerous.

The right to hold such office, however, does not imply the right to vote, the Alabama law apparently being the same as that in Indiana, under which women may hold any office under the school laws, but cannot vote for any public office. The only States in the American Union where the full right of suffrage exists are Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, and there women can vote for all public officers, including Presidential electors. Indeed in Utah and Wyoming woman suffrage is a constitutional provision.

This Great Mistake.
To the average woman her husband's work is a black letter book which she rarely attempts to open. If it renders

the house and the necessities of life the things that she looks upon as neutral, she is content. When the man wants sympathy with his plans or aspirations he is too frequently compelled to go to his men associates—or to some other woman. I have seen the rocks poke their heads out of an otherwise pleasant matrimonial sea solely for this reason.

The woman looked upon the work which made the man's place in life as nothing more than a certain capacity for a earning money. To train her mind to a proper understanding of that work, to enter into its joys and failures with unqualified and wise sympathy, never grew in her mind as one of its sweetest duties. The attitude at once created a barrier hard to break down, spreading every day until each thought it a necessity.

"Men will never talk to women with the rough frankness which they use between themselves. Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere," says Hamerton. I hope to see the day when "never" and "always" can be stricken from these two sentences and woman will aim to be a real comrade, without being any less a woman.

How to Go Upstairs.
The wrong way to go upstairs, according to a physical culture teacher, is to lean over, contract the chest, hoop the shoulders and bend the whole body forward from the waist.

The person who goes upstairs in this way will be exhausted at the top of even a short flight.

Yet stair-climbing, properly done, is considered a good exercise. The head should be erect, the chest expanded, the shoulders back, with no bend whatever of the body at the waist.

With this poise put the whole weight on the ball of the foot and do not touch the step with the heel and note the

springiness felt at every footfall.

incite a woman to a most foolish expenditure of energy, which is really a very bad kind of extravagance. For instance, she has been particularly busy all day and is feeling tired, when comes a neighbor who tells her of the great flannel sale. In a moment she thinks of little Popsy's flannel petticoats—the child really must have new ones—and off she rushes to secure the material and returns, delighted to have got it at a few pennies under the usual price.

As a matter of fact, that flannel was a dear purchase. It was like the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back, for the next day the housewife is either moping about, feeling incapable of work, or she is prostrated with a severe headache. Planning would save this kind of thing and prevent the crowding into one day the work of two.

In planning and estimating a day's work some allowance should always be made for interruptions and for the work taking longer than was anticipated. With too many "irons in the fire" such hindrances as a visitor or having to console a crying child in some little trouble make it difficult to keep that calm, sweet temper which is necessary to the woman who is not merely the mainspring of the machinery of the household, but its good angel, who makes it home indeed to all who dwell there.

Wooden kneading boards for bread are declared unsanitary.

Nut and fruit sandwiches should go into the school lunch basket.

Pour boiling water over raisins before seedling them. It's easier.

Dates stuffed with marshmallow paste make a tempting dessert.

Sugar added to the water used for basting meat adds to the flavor.

For quick breads and batters baking powder instead of yeast is used.

Almost any cold vegetable makes a delicious salad if attractively arranged.

Cooking adds to the digestibility of nuts, and many sorts should be ground before being eaten.

For an appetizing lunch have scalloped tomatoes, beef croquettes, peas, and apple fritters.

Crystallized strawberries are among the most liked fruits. Served in ice cream they are delicious.

Mushrooms are sometimes pickled in brine and are useful in gravies in the winter and sometimes in vinegar.

A fine cranberry jam calls for one quart cranberries, three-quarters of a pint of water, one pound white sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

If you wish delicious fried halibut cut the steaks into pieces two inches square; season with salt and pepper and dip in a beaten egg and then bread crumbs; fry in deep fat, drain on paper, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

A Love Potion.

One of the leading sources of income to the old herbalist was the compounding of love powders for despondent swains and heartsick maidens. If a powder would not bring the desired relief, various juices of roots and herbs were mingled in a potion and sold as the love phial. Here is an old recipe: "Mistletoe berries (not exceeding nine in number) are steeped in an equal mixture of wine, beer, vinegar and honey.

"This taken on an empty stomach before going to bed will cause dreams of your future destiny (provided you retire before 12 o'clock) either on Christmas eve or on the first and third of a new moon." Perhaps as a lingering remnant of this absurdity there is a current notion in some parts of the world today that a whole mince pie eaten at midnight will cause the reappearance of long departed friends, not to mention the family physician and the more interested members of the household.

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TOWN NEWS

Buy a lot.
Build a home.
How about that hose company?
Look out for a rise in real estate.
No more dust nor flies nor fleas for six months.

P. F. Roberts of Millbrae was in town Sunday.

Frank Bastine arrived from Chicago on Tuesday.

Another factory coming to town. We'll swear it by Jupiter.

The Central Hotel property owned by F. C. Siebe has been sold.

Hugh Devers of San Francisco paid our town a visit last Sunday.

Big stock, bedrock rates at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's new store.

The big S. P. tank is finished and the boilermakers have departed.

Born in this town, November 19th, to the wife of John Fischer, a son.

Parties interested in the new blast furnace paid that plant a visit Tuesday.

Frank Clawson is enlarging his dwelling house on Commercial a venue.

John Schirck has built an addition to his plumber's shop in the way of a dwelling and stable.

Work was resumed on the county roads and hauling rock to the electric railroad on Tuesday last.

Dick Williamson has located at Bakersfield and is working on one of the numerous big oil tanks in that oleaginous burg.

Don't go away from home for holiday goods when you can find anything you want at the People's Store, and get it at city prices.

The Jupiter Steel men were out Thursday making surveys on their factory site preparatory to beginning work of construction.

Mrs. Catherine Sheehan has been quite ill the past week and on Tuesday went to St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, for treatment.

Some one broke into the room and trunk of John Seiber at the Armour Hotel on the 20th inst. and stole \$34. Mr. Seiber had put away in his trunk.

V. Bianchi has remodeled and reconstructed the interior of his place on Grand avenue. Hereafter Mr. Bianchi will have a restaurant in connection with his wine and saloon business.

Mrs. W. E. Barber gave a very pleasant farewell party to her many lady friends at her residence on Commercial avenue Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Barber will join her husband, who is S. P. agent at Tres Pinos.

Dr. J. C. McGovern, whose professional card appears elsewhere, has opened dental offices in the Donohoe building, San Francisco, but will be found at his present offices, Ingram's Hotel, on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveying done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Charles W. Clark, son of United States Senator Clark of Montana and manager of the Clark copper properties in Montana, arrived in San Mateo on Sunday. Mr. Clark, who is several times a millionaire, recently purchased the Hobart residence and grounds here.—Leader, San Mateo.

Land Agent W. J. Martin has been laid up the fore part of this week as the result of a mere scratch of his leg by a bit of barbed wire. The slight injury developed inflammation, which made it necessary for Mr. Martin to take a rest and call in Dr. Plymire. We understand no serious consequences are apprehended, and that Mr. Martin will be about as usual in a day or two.

San Jose, November 24.—The Southern Pacific Company is losing no time now in the laying of its double track to San Jose. Large forces of men are scattered along the line of the road between here and San Francisco, actively laying the track or making way for it. The surveying crew reached Santa Clara Saturday afternoon and were in that place today setting their stakes for the graders. In a very few days they will reach San Jose, when their part will be done. It is stated that fully three-fourths of all the work has been completed for bringing the second track to San Jose. It is said on good authority that all the work will be done and the track ready for trains by the first of the year.—S. F. Chronicle.

CUPID REIGNS.

Married, at Ocean View, November 26, 1902, Rev. Father James Cooper officiating. Peter D. Broner and Miss Clara M. D. Schutt. The little god of love has ruled and reigned with absolute and undivided sway throughout the lives of this happily wedded pair. These two, now one, have grown up together here in this neighborhood from their earliest childhood to the Thanksgiving eve when they were wed, and at the altar of love became man and wife; they have been always together, each necessary to the complete life of the other.

Every one for miles away knows honest, bluff, good-natured Pete Broner, and the fair bride, pretty charming Clara Schutt, and all join with The Enterprise in wishing the happy pair health, happiness and a long and prosperous life.

Mr. and Mrs. Broner will begin housekeeping in the Benjamin cottage on Lux avenue.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

PERA'S LARK CAME HIGH.

Natale Pera had a little lark the other day that cost him \$30, and yet he didn't have a good time. The lark was a meadow lark, and Pera shot it just over the San Mateo county border, in defiance of the law that prohibits shooting near the city limits, and in face of the State's recent legislation protecting its song birds. Pera was caught by Deputy Fish Commissioner Robert Carroll, who took him before Justice E. E. Cunningham, who fined the offender \$30. Pera thought it high for any lark, especially as he could have bought a live one for \$5.—S. F. Chronicle.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

NOTICE.

For Sale—Two cottages near the Postoffice. Four large rooms, hall, large pantry and bath each. Hot and cold water, electric bells. Size of lot, 50x140 feet. Will be sold if taken soon for \$200, for the lot and two houses. For terms and particulars call on or address C. L. Benjamin, No. 113 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. E. Cunningham at Post-office, South San Francisco, Cal.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

FOR SALE.

A dwelling house with chickens and chicken houses near the packing house of the Western Meat Company. For price and terms inquire of R. F. Williamson.

THE CARIBS OF DOMINICA.

Fierce Savages Who Have Dropped Their Man-Eating Ways.

A recent colonial report on the Caribs of Dominica is interesting. Very mysterious is the origin of the fierce savages, now almost extinct, who were in possession of the smaller West Indian Islands when the first white man burst into that silent sea. They showed a distinct Mongolian character, and it would be hard to distinguish a Carib infant from a Chinese child. Some twenty years ago a Chinaman who had drifted to Dominica declared the Caribs to be his own people and married a pure-bred Carib woman. The resultant child showed no deviation from the native type.

Today they have dropped their man-eating ways, but in the sixteenth century they scoured the Spanish main in search of human food, and from Porto Rico alone are said to have taken more than 5,000 men to be eaten. Though Spaniards, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, negroes, or Arrowaks, were all meat to them, yet these Caribs seem to have shown preference for certain nationalities. Davis, for instance, in his "History of the Caribby Islands," tells us that "the Caribbeans have tested of all the nations that frequented them and affirm that the French are the most delicate and the Spaniards are hardest of digestion." Laborde also, in one of his jaunts in St. Vincent, appears to have overtaken on the road a communicative Carib who was beguiling the tedium of his journey by gnawing at the remains of a boiled human foot. This gentleman only ate Arrowaks. "Christians," he said, "give me the bellyache."

Bret Harte.

In an article of reminiscences Mary Stuart Boyd says that Bret Harte never obtruded his personality. He also had a dread of people regarding him for his work only, not for himself. "Why didn't you tell me it was Bret Harte who sat next me at dinner last night?" wailed one of society's smartest young matrons in a note to her hostess the morning after a large dinner party. "I have always longed to meet him, and I would have been so different had I only known who my neighbor was." "Now, why can't a woman realize that this sort of thing is insulting?" queried the author, to whom the hostess had forwarded her friend's letter. "If Mrs. — talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man, how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"

A SYNONYM.

"What? Fifty cents a box for those pills?" cried the customer. "Why, it's robbery."

"I wouldn't say that," returned the druggist coolly.

"No." Since pills are under discussion, I'd try to be humorous and call it "pillage."—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

OVERREACHED.

"Yes, Merchant's scheme was to display his goods in his window with a lot of mirrors back of them, so that all the women passing would be sure to stop and look in."

"Pretty foxy idea, eh?"

"Yes, but it failed. None of the women looked at anything but the mirrors."—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

NO?

"No. Since pills are under discussion, I'd try to be humorous and call it 'pillage'."—Philadelphia Press.

GOOD MEAT.

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People who do the least, talk most about being tired.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Countree.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langend-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sighta' an' these sound's will be naething to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've His guude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' o'er, we shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain countree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er remembered mail.
Mis bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me home at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest;
I wad fain be ganging noo to my Sa-vour's breast;
For he gathers in His bosom wittless, worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them himself to his ain countree.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll surely come again;
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun' o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka aye wha' listens noo to me,
That we' s' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long long ago.

Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have rov'd,
Let me believe that you love as you lov'd,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long long ago, long long ago;

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long long ago, long long ago;

Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long long ago, long ago.

The "Lounge Game."

The "lounge game" has been played at least once in Brooklyn and twice in New York; perhaps oftener, but these are the only cases the police have heard of. The mode of operation is like this: A wagon drives up to a house, and one of the two men in charge rings the door bell and says:

"We have a sofa here bought by Mr. A., who ordered it sent up."

"But Mr. A. has ordered no sofa," the lady of the house responds. "There is some mistake."

"Not a bit of it; he bought it and paid for it, and all we can do is to leave it."

The lady is not convinced, but she is asked to pay nothing, can make no reasonable demur, so in comes the lounge, that is usually taken to a second floor. In a couple of hours, back come the men. All a mistake; was meant for another man of the same name, at the other end of the town. The furniture is placed again in the wagon, and carried away. Some time later the lady of the house misses her jewelry and other small valuables. She cannot imagine where they have gone to. The men with the wagon know.

There was a hollow place in the lounge, large enough to hold a small man, and stored away a lot of clothing, knick-knacks and jewelry. The goods had gone away with the lounge.

Overreached.

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"Pretty foxy idea, eh?"

"Yes, but it failed. None of the women looked at anything but the mirrors."—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

"No?"

Gossip never dies; people are still gossiping about Lord Byron and his wife, although they never lived in this country, and, have been dead a great many years.

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"But she used to be considered quite a beauty." "That was before her father failed."

Strappes—Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam, it is a crime! Mrs. S.—Well, the crime will be on my own head.—Glasgow Evening Times.

When you have a disagreeable duty to perform it is best to do it at once and get it off your mind. Another good way is to get somebody to do it for you.

Mrs. Meek—But how do you know that he is a married man? Did he say he was? Mr. Meek—No; but he looked sympathetic when I told him I was.

On the Shore: "How sweet it would be to live alone with you in yonder lighthouse!" he whispered, tenderly. "Yes," she murmured, abstractedly, "and do light housekeeping."—Smart Set.

I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat so that I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" "No, she said if she held her hat in her lap, she couldn't see the stage herself."—Tit-Bits.

Knew the Symptoms: Mr. Beach—Here is a letter from Charles. Mrs. Beach—Read it. Mr. Beach (reading)—"My dearest, darlingest mother"—great heaven! the young scoundrel needs money.—Tit-Bits.

"Are you a real Indian?" asked the investigating youth of one of the painted Indians who accompanied Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. "Sure!" replied the Indian; "I was born an' raised in Indianapolis, Indiana."

Professional Advice: Patient—What would you advise me to do for dyspepsia, doctor? Dr. DeQuick—Well, if you want it real bad, hire a cheap cook, and eat irregularly. Two dollars, please."—Chicago News.

A Swamptown Incident: "Mercy on us!" cried the investor; "do you have earthquakes here?" "Be easy," replied the land-boomer; "we run out o' quinine yesterday, an' that's only the downtown marshal a-havin' a chill."—Atlanta Herald.

"And what brought you to this?" asked the good man, who was passing through the police station. "De hurry-up wagon," replied the tough boy behind the bars; "did yer t'ink I came in a tally-ho, wid somebody on top, tootin' a horn?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Just to His Taste: "How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost o' 'em?" inquired the customer, cautiously. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice of ham," said he, greatly relieved.—Kansas City Independent.

Mame—My steady blew me off ter supper at a reglar restraint last night. Mag—Say, they tell me he's real refined. Mame—Dat's w'at! When he poured his coffee out in 'is saucer ter cool it, he didn't blow it like some guys would, but just fanned it wid 'is Panama."—Philadelphia Press.

A golfing magazine tells this story of a man who applied for the secretaryship of a club. "You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men." "In that case," answered the applicant, sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife." He was bunkered.

"Music is a very desirable accomplishment," said Mehitabel's mother. "That's right," answered her father. "If a girl likes a young man she can play comic opera and make him feel perfectly at home, and if she doesn't she can give him a few samples from a sonata and make him weary."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Minims—Mary, it was one o'clock this morning when you got in. I heard you. Mary—Well, ma'am, if I was you I'd take something to make me sleep better. I took my shoes off down in the kitchen and didn't make no more noise than a cat would. I've been kind of worried about you for a good while."

An old soldier was boasting of his experience during the Civil War, when he was asked: "How many rebels did you kill during the war?" "How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the old veteran; "well, I don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."—Ohio State Journal.

Waiter—Hear, all you, just stop putting up those other orders and attend to mine at once. The Cook—But this beefsteak is for a man who's just come in on a train that was stuck in the snow three days, with no supplies on board. Waiter—That's nothing compared with my case. Why, the party's just returned from a swall banquet.

Mrs. Grub—Yes, I'm afraid that Johnny is really sick. When I went out, leaving him in the house alone, I told him not to go to the pantry and meddle with the jam. Mr. Grub—And of course he went and filled himself with it. Mrs. Grub—No, dear; that's the alarming thing; he didn't go near the jam."—Boston Transcript.

This is a pretty good one, and the "credit" belongs to the Tip-of-the-Tongue man of the New York Press. "Who's your friend?" "He's our credit man." "Credit man? Introduce me. A very responsible position in a big house like yours." "Oh, he's not credit man of the firm. He's credit man of our crowd, our gang of acquaintances, you understand. When any of us does anything clever and brilliant he claims the credit of it."

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

How To Get Rich.

In the last book which he has published Mr. Andrew Carnegie makes the observation that, if a man wishes to become very rich, he must acquire his possessions by means of the profits of business, and must not depend upon a salary, since, no matter how large a salary may be, the one who is dependent upon it can never become a very rich man. Of course, the term rich as Mr. Carnegie uses it is a relative one. It is more than a generation ago that a well-known New York banker made the statement that, for personal convenience, it was better to be worth \$500,000 than to be rich, and probably at the present time, with the new opportunities and demands for money, he or his successor would say that, for personal comfort, it was better to be worth a million or two of dollars than to be rich; because with modern conditions of life, where there are several persons who rightly estimate their wealth at more than \$100,000,000, and a considerable number have the right to consider themselves worth a score or more of millions, the man possessing a million dollars may be looked upon as well to do and entirely independent financially, and yet not a man who could be graded as a really rich man. Taking this view of the case, one can understand Mr. Carnegie's position, for even if Mr. Schwab, the president of the United States Steel Corporation, receives, as rumor reports that he does, the salary of \$1,000,000 a year, he cannot hope, with the mental and physical exactions which the duties of his position throw upon him, to draw this salary for a sufficient number of years to allow him in his savings to up \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000. The thought to which Mr. Carnegie's statement gives rise is to be found in a direction to which he apparently had no intention of turning it. His point was that young men should not be tempted into taking salaried positions, because the possibilities of large money making do not exist in these. They should endeavor to associate themselves, sooner or later, in such business as they enter on the basis of securing its profits. Now, unfortunately, the entire tendency of industrial development in this country is toward taking away from young men these opportunities which Mr. Carnegie insists they should seek after and greatly value. The tendency is toward merging all classes of production under the control of the great, overriding corporations, these having salaried men to manage their affairs. The last ten years have witnessed a tremendous reduction made in the possibilities of independent action by business men, and if this tendency keeps on—which now has little indication of cessation—it will more and more take away the opportunity of a young man possessing great ability to go into the world and make a great fortune, as Mr. Carnegie made his, by reaping a profit from the labor of others.—San Francisco Bulletin.

or say about this frank statement of my ambition. Nine-tenths of the teachers in the department are just as anxious to marry as I am, but they are not so honest in confessing it. That's the solemn truth."

It would be both difficult and dangerous to inquire whether school teachers, as a class, are desperately anxious to find husbands who will relieve them of the necessities of teaching, but the allegation that teachers are not bargains in the matrimonial market, and that men are even positively disinclined to marry teachers, is so shocking that it calls for query and comment.

The teacher ought to be especially attractive to men, for the work she does tends to stir her brain and make her think, and to give her a certain self-reliance and force of character which fit her to be the intellectual as well as the domestic companion of man. The average school teacher is a very high-grade woman, and it is a painful surprise to be told that the men neglect her.

If it be true that the percentage of teachers who find husbands is less than the percentage of other girls who marry, the fault lies, no doubt, in the teachers rather than in the men. Perhaps the teacher gives so much time and thought to her school work that the young men have not sufficient opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance. Perhaps the nervous strains of teaching tend to make her less beautiful than her sisters who have neither care nor labor to dim the damask of their cheeks, or wrinkle the softness of their skin. Whatever be at the bottom of this neglect of the teachers by men, the loss is the men's, for the best quality of womanhood is teaching in the schools.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Passion For Gambling.

ONE of the most thoroughly ingrained passions in the human race is the desire to gamble, not the crude wish of the ignorant man to get something for nothing, but the eager and brilliant-hued expectation of the man of experience to risk some possession of his against some part of his neighbor's goods, in the hope of becoming by this means the possessor of both. And that this is by no means to be confounded with mere lust for money is proved by the prevalence of this feeling among very rich men, to whom the acquisition of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars cannot by any possibility bring added comfort or enjoyment.

It is in the contest of his brain against another's, the placing of his army in the field to capture or be captured by his opponent's, that the lover of gambling takes his delight. Such a passion is as often seen in a little garter-snipe risking his pennies with another gamin at craps as it is in the gray-haired financier twisting the market into a corner to squeeze the last cent out of his opposing acquaintance on the other side of the movement.

Writers on economics almost without exception fail to grasp this idea, and point out the folly of gambling to its devotees on the ground that the money gained is almost invariably spent in a reckless fashion, and that the confirmed gambler is thus eventually bound to lose. They do not see that it is the excitement of the contest, the emotional thrill caused by the conflict, that is more frequently desired, not the gain of a certain amount of money.—Albany Argus.

Stop the Waste of the Forests.

A VERY important natural resource of Colorado, as of all the Rocky Mountain States, is the timber that clothes the mountain sides. It is needed for railroad ties, mine timbers, bridge work and general building of a large range of variety. As the country is settled, and as industrial development proceeds, this timber comes more and more into use, and naturally is more and more essential to the growth of the whole Rocky Mountain region. But notwithstanding the need for every stick that is growing on those mountains the destruction of that timber by forest fires is increasing every year. Vast areas are swept, the timber is killed and any yield of timber from those burning tracts is out of the question for a whole lifetime. And yet there seems to be no way to stop this needless destruction of values. If there is any way, at any rate, the people of the region have not found it.—Davenport Democrat.

Build a New Home for the President.

THE increasing public business and the urgent needs of society demand a different arrangement for the presidential offices and home. This is an unmistakable fact. The President's home should not be in the present White House. The whole building should be devoted to office purposes and public functions. The President should have a suitable residence in a healthful locality, suited for his social receptions and entirely separate from the offices. The White House has a historical value and as a specimen of architecture it will stand the test. There is no need to change it and it would be absurd to enlarge it at great cost for the purpose of holding the family there. It is no place for the family. Even if in time it becomes insufficient for office purposes, it should still be left as it is and devoted to other purposes, and new offices built. The American people have some sentiment and practical purpose in life—an aim that calls forth one's best impulses and exertions.

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House.</

A PASTOR WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY AN EMPEROR SAVED BY PE-RU-NA.



REV. H. STUBENVOLL

Rev. H. Stubenvoll, of Elkhorn, Wis., is pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's Church of that place. Rev. Stubenvoll is the possessor of two bibles presented to him by Emperor William of Germany. Upon the fly leaf of one of the bibles the Emperor has written in his own handwriting a note.

This honored pastor, in a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, says concerning their famous catarrh remedy, Peruna:

Gentlemen: "I had hemorrhages of the lungs for a long time, and all despaired of me. I took Peruna and was cured. It gave me strength and courage, and made healthy, pure blood. It increased my weight, gave me a healthy color, and I feel well. It is the best medicine in the world. If everyone kept Peruna in the house it would save many from death every year."—H. STUBENVOLL.

Thousands of people have catarrh who would be surprised to know it, because it has been called some other name than catarrh. The fact is catarrh is catarrh wherever located; and another fact which is of equally great importance is that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

The English language is called the mother tongue because father never gets a chance to use it.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Tros. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Wish a woman "many happy returns" on her birthday and she will remain the same age for years.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

When a man feels sure that a woman trusts him, then he feels sure that he can betray her trust.

If you pay his bill a doctor will never give you up.

Most women will marry almost any man after they have failed to marry one.

You may be proud of your ancestry, but how would your ancestry feel about you?

If a woman won't tell you her age you have one consolation—the longer she hesitates the older she grows.

Get a Move On! Slow, sluggish system; lazy, leaden liver; bilious brain! Cascarets Candy Cathartic will move them along. Move on! All drug-gists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A woman who can talk on a hundred different subjects generally does.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kilian's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and instructions. Dr. R. H. Kilian, M.D., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Look out for number one unless you are a widower. Then look out for number two.

Success makes some people forget how they wrestled with their first baby.

Beef meal or fresh ground bone will add much to the growth of the chicks, but must not be fed too often.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."—J. H. Burge, Macon, Ga.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!

The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him, and he will be willing to set on the jury?"—Chicago Tribune.

She Repudiated the Charge.
At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in the house instead of goin' out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thang t' vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as t' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in t' bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Answers.

Mark Twain's First Earnings.
Mark Twain was once asked by a friend if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster, I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5. At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first \$5."

His Egg Sauce.

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Perty well, sorr," was the reply.

"That's right. I hope you like the place?"

"Indeed and I do, sorr," said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow."

"Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you."

"Arrah, docther," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell them at the same time to send me up the hin that laid it?"

The Privilege of Possum.

A Georgia darky arrested for stealing a possum from a white man said to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'tall, yo' honner, kaze de possum wuz raise fer de nigger, des lak de mule wuz. Let de white man take de turkey en leave de possum fer de nigger is what I says!"

"But," said the judge, "the negro frequently takes the turkey too?"

"Not dis season, suh," was the quick reply. "Dey roostin' too high."—Atlanta Constitution.

Phonetic Spelling.

The teacher of a country school was "hearing" her spelling class recite. She had just "given out" the word "Aaron," which, according to her instruction, had been spelled in this fashion: "Big A, little a, r-o-o-n."

The next word was "gallery." The pupil said:

"G-a-l, gal-g-a-l, gal," two or three times and halted. Then, after hard thought, he added:

"Big gal, little gal, e-r-y, gallery."—New York Times.

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WOMEN SUICIDES.

Prefer Poison or Drowning to Knife or Pistol.

"The recent suicide of a woman by shooting herself in the head at her home near the district line," said an old headquarters detective sergeant this morning, "calls up the fact that this instance is the only one I can recollect in a service of over twenty years on the force of where a woman took her life by blowing out her brains.

"Suicide by means other than by swallowing poison, or by drowning, by women is extremely rare all over the country. I recall but three cases in Washington during my service, and the remaining case was in the Northeast.

"Women do not like to die by drawing blood. Women of all classes and degrees cannot bear the sight of blood nor endure the thought of ending their lives by shooting themselves or by slashing their arteries. Usually in these very rare instances of the suicides of females the victims are of unsound mind. A woman will freely talk of dying by poison or by drowning without a quiver, but will willfully turn the blade upon herself. There was another similar case of suicide in South Washington, and the remaining case was in the Northeast.

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"A woman who, from whatever cause, believes her future life and the world as dry and barren as she feels her heart to be, sentimentally flees to the river and throws herself helplessly and willingly into the dark, gurgling water, or calmly opens her lips and swallows a poison potion as readily as she drinks an ice cream soda upon a hot day when she feels blithesome and gay. But a knife or a revolver. Ouch! The wound hurts so, too, and they are so dreadfully bloody and disfiguring.

"There have been many suicides and attempts at suicide of women here since I have worn the star, and at times among certain classes as high as three or four a month. In many of these instances we save their lives by intervening; post haste to the Emergency hospital, where the ever-ready but terribly wrenching stomach pump is brought into requisition. Sometimes there is almost an epidemic of attempted suicides in the section to which I refer, and then it subsides for weeks.

"At any rate, from the time of Cleopatra, dying by the poison of the asp, to the present day, women abhor the idea of dying a violent death by blood letting. Morphine, chloral, opium, bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid are the favorite poisons used, the last named mainly because it is easily and cheaply obtained. It burns the mouth, throat and stomach terribly, and while the subject lives she suffers intense physical pain."—Washington Star.

HAD EYES LIKE THE COLT.

Docile When the Right Man Became Her Guardian.

This little story from the New York Evening Post illustrates very pleasantly the fact that a man who has sympathy and understanding for dumb animals may be safest to trust with the care of a troublesome child, and may find a way to make the child happy.

Five families had successively volunteered to provide a home for the little "slum" girl, and the fifth had just sent her back to the arms of the benevolent organization which had charge of her. According to the reports from these families, she was an infant fury, and the agent who was taking her back to the city felt discouraged.

A big, broad-jawed man, friendly with the friendliness of the West, sat down beside the agent, who, feeling the need of some one to share his troubles, told the Western man the whole story. "I'll take the little girl," said the stranger.

The agent gasped.

"You know I told you what a terror she is," he said.

"I know," said the man, "but I think she and I can get along all right. I don't know that I told you I was in the stock-raising business. I've got a colt on my farm that nobody can manage but myself. Well, that little girl has eyes just like that colt. As soon as we get to the station, if you're willing, I'll telegraph to my wife and tell her about it."

The sequel of the story is the most satisfactory part of it. The stockman's prediction proved true. The little girl was perfectly happy in her new home, and the couple have recently adopted her and legally given her their name.

Why.
A certain little girl named Mary was noted for her propensity to ask questions. So fixed was the habit that she seldom knew she was asking questions, and life became to her one prolonged interrogation. Her mother, slightly worn by this peculiarity, sometimes took the opportunity of speaking a word in season.

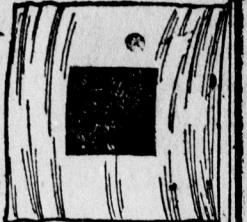
"Mother," cried Mary, bursting into the room one day, "what shall I name the kittens?"

"I should think," said the tired mother, fixing upon her a meaning eye, "you might call one of them 'Why' and the other 'What'."

The names seemed to strike the child's fancy, and were at once adopted. But the moral refused to stick, and indeed its existence was not even suspected, as was shown a day or two later.

"Mother," said Mary, innocently, looking up from a prolonged cuddling of her pets, "why is Why's name Why?"

LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH



When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter is here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal defilement and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, even in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhaling mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

In the treatment of Catarrh, anti-septic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions. In the treatment of Catarrh, anti-septic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions.

SSS
membrane and is carried through the portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints. S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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